

Love Will Endure

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Summary: So I loved the relationship between Mary and Francis and know that he is gone I want him to live on in some way. I had written a lot of this story a while ago and have just now gotten to publish it. A story of their love and what becomes of it. Please Review.

1. Chapter 1

That first morning when Francis tells Mary he hopes she's pregnant he isn't lying. He loves her and he wants her to be his forever. And he wants to hold his firstborn, their firstborn, and tell them of their mother's bravery, love and kindness. He wants to give her the world and build her a home. He wants to love her until the day he dies. She scolds him for his foolish hopes, but she wants it just as much. Francis promises her the children and grandchildren and great grandchildren she wants desperately, but even with his words she worries. They only have so much time on earth. What if it slips by without her noticing?

Francis and Mary spend every minute together. When Francis is learning from his father Mary stands beside him and when Mary sits for her sewing he sits with her talking about everything and nothing. They spend the afternoons walking the grounds and late after everyone has fallen asleep Francis sneaks through the passageways to her room and they spend the nights together. The only time they are separated is in late mornings when they prepare for the day. They hate being separated for so long that sometimes Mary will be running down the hall with a lace untied or her hair out of place and calling for Francis. Francis hearing her will leave his second boot and jacket in his room and run toward her voice. They will not be separated and everyone at court knows it.

After a week or so the court and servants learn to stay out of the way; Catherine and Henry learn not to bar their meetings. Mary's ladies have sped up their morning ritual and the couple has

established several meeting places throughout the castle. Though they spend much of the time talking about the countries they mostly talk about their future and sometimes their fears. One afternoon the rain is depressing enough to elicit some of Mary's deepest fears.

"Francis?" His head shoots up from the records he has been scouring in the library. He immediately notices her dark face and sad eyes.

"Do you ever worry about the chance of us being separated?" Her question scares him and he rushes to her side and kneels down beside her.

"Mary, what could have possibly brought this about?"

"I don't know. Its just, sometimes I remember that nothing is certain and that I could be stolen from you at any moment and it scares me." A tear slipped from her eye and slides down her cheek.

Francis smiles a little and Mary almost slaps him, but his arm blocks her. "I don't worry about losing you because I believe in the power of our love. It has proven several times that it will bring us back together. It survived my stupidity, Bash, Tomas and my mother. It has withstood the worst test it could face." Mary chuckles at this.

"It certainly has." She returns to her sewing, but only moment's later looks up again. "Francis, do you have any fears?" He does not look up from the books this time; even when he finally answers her.

"My only fearâ€|is thatâ€|I will drive you away." She jumps from her sewing, but his words stop her. "You see Mary, in all my life I have never had anything that has given me so much joy and life. You make me better than I could ever imagine. You make me want to wake up every morning and if I ever lost that because of something I did I would not survive." She runs to him and pulls his face to look at her, she searches his crystal blue eyes and than smashes her lips to his.

2. Chapter 2

The next couple days go by without wavering from their schedule and then the king exercises his power and demands the audience of his son alone. "Francis I know you have somewhere you want to be so Ill make this direct." He turns and climbs the stairs to his throne. "You seem to have become very close with Mary as of late. Would you say you like her?" Francis nodded, a confused look on his face. "Would you say you love her?"

"I might. Why does it matter?" Francis' temper begins to flow over, but Henry holds.

"I'm afraid you have forgotten what the arrangement is. There is no guarantee that you will marry her. And what if you do end up apart? Will this destroy you? Because it can't. You have a kingdom tâ€|."

"I know what is at risk father. I also know the situation Mary and I are in. I know my limits and I really don't need this conversation from you." He starts to storm out of the throne room.

"Francis I am just trying to protect you." He almost turns around but

instead storms out of the room, yelling back, "And by the way I do love her!"

Mary was waiting for him around the corner and when she looked up there were tears forming in her eyes. "You love me?" He smiles comforted with her question. Instead of answering her question he simply kisses her. Her tears run filled with joy.

The end of the next week comes and the sun rises as Francis wakes up. Mary still lies sleeping, but he can tell it is already late. He reaches over Mary and kisses her cheek. And then in order to avoid discovery slips out of the room to prepare for the day. As he finishes dressing he realizes he has not heard Mary's cries, she should be here by now. He puts his jacket on and walks down the corridors to Mary's chamber. Outside her room in the hallway are several servants ears pressed to the door.

"Excuse me." The dauphin says clearly irritated and everyone steps back. As he nears the door a small woman speaks up, "She's ill your highness, I'm not sure you'll want to go in there." Without another thought Francis turns and sprints into the room. Mary is in the back room crouched over a bucket with Lola holding her hair and her other ladies spread about the room. Mary looks up after a bout of sickness. "Francis," she says as if he has brought the only comfort she can use. "Can you tell everyone to leave?"

"Well, you heard her, out." Her ladies scurry out and Francis follows them to the hall. "The lot of you need to leave, Queen Mary does not want to be bothered." He closes the door after instructing the guards to keep everyone away and out.

"Francis!" Mary yells. He scurries in. "My hair!" He grabs her hair out of the way just as she hurls into the bucket again. He rubs her back and promises her it will be over soon enough. "Francis. I thinkâ€|well I believe." She wouldn't continue.

"Mary this is scaring me."

"I think you're going to get your wish." He was still confused. She became very quiet and began to well up. "I think I'm pregnant." Francis sat back; Mary was desperately searching his face for any sign of emotion.

But his face was stone until he began to cry. "You are pregnant with my child. We're having a baby? We are going to be parents?" She nodded. "Oh Mary." He wrapped her in his arms. "I can't believe it. You're pregnant." She was crying and he was crying. They stayed like that in front of the bucket until Lola returned that afternoon. She found them napping on the floor, Mary lying on Francis who was leaned up against the wall.

3. Chapter 3

Later that night when Francis has returned to be by his love's side they lie in bed, excited about the prospect of a child. "Mary, you know that I could not be happier than I am at this moment. I have you in my arms, you're carrying my child and we have the rest of our lives in front of us." Mary stirs a little.

"But Francis what are we going to do? We're not married and your father does not seem intent on setting the date. What if I begin to show before we are wed?"

"Don't you worry about that, I am going to fix everything tomorrow. Can we please just enjoy this? Soon enough the entire country will share in our joy I want to just share it with you right now." He turned his head and smiled at her, Mary snuggled into his chest. "Do you know what I imagine about our children?" Mary shook her head. "I imagine they all have your hair, some have blue eyes others have brown."

Mary jumps at this, "Others? How many do you intend on me bearing?"

"Oh at least a dozen." He laughs. She punches him playfully and flips over on top of her. "We may even have enough to fill the court. Can you picture our children running down these halls, calling for their mother? Sometimes I even think I hear them, Mary, when I'm walking down the corridors I can almost hear their cries." His face is of pure joy.

"Francis it is going to be a long time before we have multiple children who can run." She says this giggling at him.

"I know. But I cannot wait for our children to be here, for me to hold them." He lies back on the bed and sighs. "I love you Mary and I cannot wait to spend a lifetime raising our children." As his sentence finishes snores sound from the woman beside him. "Well that was awfully fast." He says as he turns over and blows out the lamp.

The next morning Francis is the one at her door pounding on it. She has been slow again sickness overwhelming her for several minutes. "Come in Francis." Lola says knowing who wants to enter. He pushes the door open and runs up to Mary with a shining face. "Good morning darling. Are you almost ready to go?"

"Just about, Lola is finishing my laces." Francis stepped back and began pacing, quickly, relentlessly. He walks back and forth several times until Mary intervenes, "Francis dear what do you have planned this morning?" she says reaching out her hand. He grabs it firmly and whispers, "It's a surprise." A smile graces his face. Lola finishes seconds later and Francis bolts out of the room gripping Mary's hand. They run through the hallways until they reach the throne room.

"King Henry," Francis practically yells, "I request a private audience with you and my mother." He waits moments until Henry dismisses everyone in the room with a flick of his hand.

"What have you come to talk to us about?" Francis moves forward pulling Mary closer.

"Father, Motherâ€|. Mary is pregnant." "Francis," Mary slaps him.

"Oh good lord, " Catherine sighs. Henry just laughs. "It seems you are just as reckless in bed as with your army." This does not sit well with Francis and he makes a threatening move towards his father,

but Mary holds him back. "I was only joking son." Francis calms down. "So what shall we do?" Henry contemplates.

"Well there really is only one solution," Catherine intervenes. "They'll have to be married immediately. We'll give it in two weeks so it doesn't look too hurry up, but she will deliver over a month early. " Henry continues to laugh.

"What could possibly be so funny," Francis fumes.

"I just knew this was going to happen, you two have shown how much you want to be together. I knew you would find a back door into your marriage as soon as possible." Francis and Mary look at each other and smile. "Well that's it then, you'll be married in two weeks."

Catherine summons a servant. "Spread the word, Francis and Mary will be married in two weeks time. Have invitations sent across countries to all nobles and royalty. Many should be able to make it." After the servant left Francis and Mary bowed and left the room, leaving Henry and Catherine alone. "I knew this was going to happen, they have been intimate for at least two weeks. Do you remember when they started sticking to each other like glue? I am sure that is when they started this foolishness." Henry laughed, "Oh Catherine, he is just like you. When we were first married we spent every night together. We couldn't keep our hands off each other. Granted they started a little early, but I think they will be good together. Don't be too hard on him." He walked out of the throne room smiling, leaving Catherine really annoyed.

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